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The Old Indian

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Seven Poems · *James Laughlin*

THE DEPARTURE

They say I have to go away soon
On the long trip to nowhere.
Put things in order, they say.
But I've always been disorderly
So why start now?
Not much time, they say.
What to do with it?
Not much different, I think,
Than what I've been doing.
My best friends have always been
The ones in books.
Read a few pages here, a few there.
No complaints, few regrets,
Thanks to everybody.

THE OLD INDIAN

told me (he was an Onan-
daga) that each person is

born with a number of days
in his hand he must accept

that but he may hope for
the tribe because if there

is one to speak and one to
listen the tribe will go on.

for Gary Snyder